her dormant faculties? or, is it not more rational to expect that ſhe will try to pleaſe other men; and, in the emotions raiſed by the expectation of new conqueſts, endeavour to forget the mortification her love or pride has received? When the huſband ceaſes to be a lover—and the time will inevitably come, her deſire of pleaſing will then grow languid, or become a ſpring of bitterneſs; and love, perhaps, the moſt evaneſcent of all paſſions, gives place to jealouſy or vanity.

I now ſpeak of women who are reſtrained by principle or prejudice; ſuch women, though they would ſhrink from an intrigue with real abhorrence, yet, nevertheleſs, wiſh to be convinced by the homage of gallantry that they are cruelly neglected by their huſbands; or, days and weeks are ſpent in dreaming of the happineſs enjoyed by congenial ſouls, till the health is undermined and the ſpirits broken by diſcontent. How then can the great art of pleaſing be ſuch a neceſſary ſtudy? it is only uſeful to a miſtreſs; the chaſte wife, and ſerious mother, ſhould only conſider her power to pleaſe as the poliſh of her virtues, and the affection of her huſband as one of the comforts that render her taſk leſs difficult and

her life happier.—But, whether ſhe be loved or neglected, her firſt wiſh ſhould be to make herſelf reſpectable, and not to rely for all her happineſs on a being ſubject to like infirmities with herſelf.

The amiable Dr. Gregory fell into a ſimilar error. I reſpect his heart; but entirely diſapprove of his celebrated Legacy to his Daughters.

He adviſes them to cultivate a fondneſs for dreſs, becauſe a fondneſs for dreſs, he aſſerts, is natural to them. I am unable to comprehend what either he or Rouſſeau mean, when they frequently uſe this indefinite term. If they told us that in a pre-exiſtent ſtate the ſoul was fond of dreſs, and brought this inclination with it into a new body, I ſhould liſten to them with a half ſmile, as I often do when I hear a rant about innate elegance.—But if he only meant to ſay that the exerciſe of the faculties will produce this fondneſs—I deny it.—It is not natural; but ariſes, like falſe ambition in men, from a love of power.

Dr. Gregory goes much further; he actually recommends diſſimulation, and adviſes an innocent girl to give the lie to her feelings, and not dance with ſpirit, when gaiety of